

THE  
Rights of Monarchy,  
A P O E M.

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THE  
RIGHTS OF MONARCHY

A POEM

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Price Four-pence

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# Rights of Monarchy,

A POEM;

*On the late unanimous Celebration*

OF

## His Majesty's Birth Day,

ON THE FOURTH OF JUNE, 1792,

AT THE HOTEL,

IN BIRMINGHAM.

*K George III*

*By the Authorefs of Duke and no Duke.*

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1792.

THE  
Rights of Monarchy  
A POEM

His Majesty's Birth Day

OF THE LORD OF THE TREASURY



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AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS



THE  
**Rights of Monarchy,**

A P O E M.

**L**ET discord, faction, strife, and party rage,  
No more distain, nor redden in the page ;  
Nor pamphlets, in seditions mad-brain'd heat,  
Wound general peace, and brave the royal seat,  
But church and sectaries united bring,  
Their grateful tribute to fair Albion's king.  
In soft responsive numbers chaunt his praise,  
While smiling cherubs catch th' applauded lays,  
Approving angels join th' harmonious throng,  
And warbling seraphims assist the song.

Hail glorious sov'reign! gracious GEORGE all hail!  
How does thy grace o'er disgrace prevail!  
Whilst with a tender, lenient, god-like hand,  
Thou rul'st in mercy an ungrateful land,  
Content to shake the rod of power alone,  
Then lay it down, whilst treach'ry shakes thy throne.  
When Power Divine pre-eminently deign'd,  
To bless the isle where peace and freedom reign'd;  
It lighted up the bright refulgent morn,  
When BRITAIN'S glory, GEORGE the THIRD  
was born!

Long may he live, his virtues to display !  
And we, to celebrate his natal day !  
But should there yet, which heav'n forbid, remain,  
Some unquench'd spark of mal-contentions reign ;  
Let us compare the present age of gold,  
With the fam'd annals of the days of old.  
High in supremacy, and deep in blood,  
Their Scipio's, Cæsar's, Alexander's, stood :  
Then was unpitied heard the widow's sigh,  
The aged's plaint, and wretched orphan's cry,  
O'er

O'er slaughter'd heaps their banners, high they  
wav'd—

Tho' the next hour consign'd them to the grave:

Smiling o'er wounds, in agonies of death,

And shouting, *conquest!*—with their latest breath.

What tyranny, what persecutions rage

Abroad, ev'n now, and war with nature wage?

Whilst ENGLAND, blissful, plenteous, happy isle,

O'er whose domains soft peace and pleasure smile;

Holds up a Monarch to th' admiring sight,

Mild as a beam of genuine morning light;

Whose fame does to remotest realms extend—

His people's guardian, and all nature's friend:

Replete with sentiments, which never can

Degrade the *Prince*, while they adorn the *Man*.

Creation's first, best workmanship, and boast,

(Inferior only to th' heav'nly host)

The great All-former did to man impart

The tender glows, and feelings of the heart;

Taught him to shed the sympathetic tear—  
 To be the father, husband, friend sincere ;  
 To know his land-mark, nor his bounds extend :  
 To injure none—yet his own rights defend.  
 Then made him lord and sov'reign of the land,  
 And gave the creatures all to his command.  
 This was, 'tis evident, th' Almighty plan,  
 And these the equal *rights* of mortal *Man*.  
 But when heav'n saw its holy laws withstood,  
 And Cain imbrue his hands in Abel's ;  
 Whilst angels sigh'd, and said what ills may not  
 Attend on mortal's undistinguish'd lot ?  
 The great First Cause thus spoke his sov'reign will :  
 " Hence, who kills man the laws of man shall kill !  
 " I will appoint, in ev'ry diff'rent land,  
 " A King, the subject people to command ;  
 " Who shall in might and pow'r the sceptre sway,  
 " And, for my sake, they shall his laws obey :  
 " Honour, bow down to, worship, love, and serve ;  
 " His statutes and establishments observe.

" To



“ To be oppos’d by no rebellious clan—

“ Enough the crown to load the brow of man!”

Thus was establish’d first supreme command,  
 Each King the nursing father of his land;  
 Each subject nation, as heav’n’s law appointed,  
 Paid duteous homage to the Lord’s anointed!  
 And he who most improv’d in virtue’s school,  
 Was then adjudg’d best qualify’d to rule.  
 The throne in righteousness establish’d stood,  
 Crowns were not waded for thro’ seas of blood;  
 But tenderness and mercy claim’d the helm,  
 And duty and submission sway’d the realm.  
 ‘Till time, thro’ each degenerating age,  
 Produc’d the bloody scrool, the hostile page;  
 Which virtue drove, in currents o’er the plain,  
 To the swoln bosom of the imbocquing main;  
 Where she remain’d ‘till that auspicious day,  
 Again recall’d by BRUNSWICK’s radiant sway.

BRITAIN

BRITAIN then bade adieu to civil wars,  
 To persecutions, and intestine jars ;  
 Whence children yet unborn may bless the hour,  
 When we were destin'd to so mild a pow'r.  
 Here ev'ry subject may at ease recline,  
 Beneath " his fig tree," and beneath " his vine ;"  
 Nor dread the tyrant frown, or scourging rod,  
 To serve (as conscience shall direct) his God.  
 Such liberty, by all must be confess'd,  
 Wants but *content* to make us truly blest'd.

We have a King, beyond description kind,  
 Who ever bears his people in his mind ;  
 Must he not then, without contempt, be seen  
 To pay attention to his virtuous Queen ?  
 Nor e'er relax from weighty state affairs,  
 In the soft transports of a father's cares ?  
 Those rights, from heav'n, in common men possess,  
 And shall we wish our great Protector less ?

Who

Who our petition condescends to hear,  
 And bends to all complaints his royal ear—  
 How kind! how mild! how easy of access!  
 Prone to relieve, encourage, and redress;  
 How readily's obtain'd the great behest—  
 No sooner known, but granted the request,  
 Reviv'd by him our manufactories smile,  
 Employ the artist, and reward his toil,  
 His care and kind protection ne'er departs.  
 This sacred feat of loyalty and arts,  
 Which has so recently *united* shown  
 Its duteous zeal, and homage to the Throne.  
 Hence may no ill-tim'd Banquet interfere,  
 To bring again distress and ruin near—  
 Source of disorder, rioting, and wounds,  
 Death, blazing villages, and plunder'd towns.  
 Why we of treach'rous France espouse the cause?  
 What are to us her liberties and laws?  
 Why shou'd we our loud acclamations bring,  
 T' encore the people who dethron'd their King?

Drain'd

Drain'd with impunity their Nobles veins,  
 And basely held their captive Queen in chains?  
 And were the truest blood of BRITAIN shed,  
 To fix the crown on that rude rabble's head;  
 They'd instantly unload their hostile stores,  
 From cannon pointed at BRITANNIA's shores,

Whate'er commotions other cities rend,  
 Let us, combin'd, our King and Land defend;  
 Prune the fair olive-tree that kindly shoots,  
 And yields, impartially, to all her fruits,  
 Who wish to taste the mighty joy's increase  
 Of wealth, content, security, and peace.  
 Sure his mild rule can never be withstood,  
 Who stoops to be superlatively good;  
 Strict to defend his sceptre, crown, and stores,  
 But pours no thunder o'er his neighbour's shores;  
 Unless when powers, who rapine make their  
     trade,  
 His frontiers threat, and peaceful reign invade:

Then



Then heav'n for him makes thin th' embattled  
plain,  
And crowns him victor o'er the raging main;  
And will, by sov'reign means, to men unknown,  
Protect and guard him on his rightful throne:  
For whoso'er shall aim the fatal wound,  
He must be safe whom angel bands surround!  
From whence, around our isle rebellion springs,  
Let us sincerely love our best of Kings.  
May BIRMINGHAM united, hand in hand,  
True to herself, her King and Country stand;  
Nor fear the searching inquisition, when  
God makes enquiry 'mongst the sons of men,  
For treasons, which to anarchy give birth,  
And scatter desolations thro' the earth.  
E'en now the awful question thunders, "Who  
" Renders to Cæsar what is Cæsar's due?  
" Who most observes the laws by heav'n appointed?  
" And who best loves and serves the Lord's  
" anointed?"  
" For

" For tho' the Rights of Man bold faction sings,  
 " Supremacy's the privilege of Kings !  
 " Hear, all ye nations ! this decree attend !  
 " No more th' all-searching eye of heav'n offend  
 " By secret plots, nor bold rebellions rise ;  
 " Threat not your lawful Sov'reign's throne and  
     ! life !  
 " From close debates, which guide the ruthless hand  
 " To wrest the crown, and desolate the land,  
 " Retreat ; e'er blazing thunderbolts are hurl'd  
 " In glaring vengeance o'er a daring world.  
 " The sceptre, crown, and regulating rod,  
 " Kingdoms and thrones, are gifts of me, your  
     " God !—  
 " The pow'rs that be, I have myself ordain'd,  
 " And by my hand their royal rights maintain'd.  
 " Yet should some cruel haughty monarch dare  
 " Betray the trust committed to his care,  
 " And in tyrannic chains his people hold ;  
 " Him will I visit, as in days of old.

" Yet

" Yet no rude subject shall presume to bring  
 " His poinard to the bosom of his King,  
 " Nor let proud mortals at my will repine.  
 " When vengeance, I again repeat, is mine !  
 " By brutes is nature's order understood ;  
 " They crouch before the Lion in the wood—  
 " And all things answer wise creation's plan,  
 " Excepting the refract'ry creature Man.  
 " Hence, let no flights of bold ambition rise,  
 " Nor insurrections pierce th' avenging skies ;  
 " But all th' peopl'd earth alone contend  
 " Who'll best the Rights of Monarchy defend !  
 " And chiefly ENGLAND, where pure zeal's posselt,  
 " And ev'ry virtue that adorns the breast !  
 " Blest with a King, the greatest gift below,  
 " That mortals could request, or heav'n bestow ;  
 " Who for his people does soft balms prepare,  
 " Of kind attention, and paternal care ;  
 " Alike diffusing round the placid smile  
 " Over his royal progeny and isle ;—

" To

" To earth some strong celestial band descend,  
 " His rights and sacred person to defend;  
 " Who shall, when crowns and kingdoms there  
     " are o'er,  
 " Reign in the realms of bliss for evermore."

THE END.